

The Tragedy of Hamlet

May one be pardoned and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may show by iustice,
And oft tis scene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes our the law, but tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compel d
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence: what then, what rests?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, O bosome blacke as death;
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make assay,
Bow stubborn knees, and hart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and filly, ----- not reuendge,
A tooke my father grosely, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No,
Vp sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game, a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't.

Then

King of Denmarke.

Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes; my mother sties,
This phisicke but prolongs thy sickly daies.

Exit.

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe.

Exit.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
With-draw, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue,

Ham. Goe goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,

And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,

You goe not till I set you vp a glasse

Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murder me?

Helpe hoe,

Polo. What hoe helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckar, dead.

Pol. O I am slaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

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